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If your doctor says take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, then take it. If he has anything better, then take that.

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HERE'S IDEAL MODEL CITIZEN.

The Coming Man as Seen by Admirers of Socialism.

To describe an ideal modern citizen now is at best to make a guess and a suggestion as to what must be built in reality by the efforts of a thousand minds. But he will be a very different creature from that indifferent, well-behaved business man who passes for a good citizen to-day. He will be neither under the slave tradition nor a rebel, nor a vehement elemental man. Essentially he will be aristocratic; aristocratic not in the sense that he has slaves or class inferiors, because probably he will have nothing of the sort, but aristocratic in the sense that he will feel that the state belongs to him and he to the state. He will probably be a public servant; at any rate he will be a man doing some work in the complicated machinery of the modern community for a salary and not for speculative gain. Typically he will be a professional man. I do not think the ideal modern citizen can be a person living chiefly by buying for as little as he can give and selling for as much as he can get; indeed, most of what we idolize as business enterprise, I think he will regard with very considerable contempt. But then I am a Socialist and look forward to the time when the economic machinery of the community will not be a field for private enrichment but for public service.—Everybody's Magazine.

CAN ALWAYS TRUST CHINAMEN.

Customs in Celestial Empire Have Made Dishonesty Scarce.

"You soon learn in China that you can trust a Chinaman to carry through anything he agrees to do for you," says Samuel Merwin in Success. "When I reached Tai Yuan-fu I handed my interpreter a Chinese draft for \$200 (Mexican), payable to bearer, and told him to go to the bank and bring back the money. I had known John a little more than a week, yet any one who knows China will understand that I was running no appreciable risk. The individual Chinaman is simply a part of a family, the family is part of a neighborhood, the neighborhood is part of a village or district, and so on. If John had disappeared with my money after cashing the draft and afterward been caught, punishment would have been swift and severe. Very likely he would have lost his head. If the authorities had been unable to find John they would have punished his family. Punishment would surely have fallen on somebody."

A Lithuanian Funeral.

On Sunday morning a strange funeral cortege passed through the Mission streets. The hearse was followed by a procession of women walking in the middle of the street. They wore dark skirts trimmed with bands of lace, embroidery, or colored stripes, and all wore aprons, some of black silk or cloth, but more of sheer white embroidered corners, and fringed shawls were over their shoulders. It was not a uniform, but more in the nature of holiday attire such as one sees in Italy and France on carnival occasions or fete days. The men in the procession wore conventional dress, but their bearded faces were not American. Inquiring as to the nationality of these odd figures who made such a strange picture in San Francisco, I found they were Lithuanians, and that there is a large colony of them here, mostly employed at a laundry over toward the Potrero.—San Francisco Call.

Driving a Good Bargain.

The barber's small son was in the habit of playing around his father's shop, and he was always keenly interested in the patrons. Many a stray penny found its way into the little chubby hand, and sticks of gum were dropped in quite as though by accident. Judge Williams drifted into the shop the other afternoon for a hair cut. The lad recognized the fact that the judge was a new patron, and so was more than ordinarily interested in him. He hung at the foot of the chair and looked musingly at the judge's bald head. Then he walked slowly to the back of the chair and surveyed the scanty fringe of hair from that point of vantage. He could contain himself no longer and burst out incredulously: "Father, do you get a quarter for cutting that?"—Lippincott's.

Dangerous Enough.

Rear Admiral Mason, chief of the government's bureau of ordnance, talked of martial inventions at a recent dinner in Washington. "Many of these inventions," he said, "with their automatic torpedoes, their new explosives and what not, fail to take into account the danger to the users of their inventions. They are like the farmer and the bull. "A farmer was driving a bull along a fairly busy country road. "That's a dangerous-looking bull you have there, friend," a milkman said. "Oh, no," said the farmer; "he's just as civil as a sheep. He wouldn't hurt anybody, unless, maybe, women and children and such like."

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Syrup for
CORN SYRUP Every Use
Delights and benefits young and old
10c, 25c, 50c—air-tight tin

HAVE MANY NARROW ESCAPES.

Vet Cowboys Are Rarely Killed or Injured in Accidents.

Now, after the day's work was practically over, we had our first accident, says a writer in Outing Magazine. The horse ridden by a young fellow from Dos Cabezas slipped, fell and rolled quite over his rider. At once the animal lunged to his feet, only to be immediately seized by the nearest rider. But the Dos Cabezas man lay still, his arms and legs spread abroad, his head doubled sideways in a horribly suggestive manner. We hopped off. Two men straightened him out, while two more looked carefully over the indications on the ground.

"All right," sang out one of these, "the horse didn't catch him." He pointed to the indentation left by the pommel. Indeed, five minutes brought the man to his senses. He complained of a very twisted back. Homer sent one of the men in after the bed-wagon, by means of which the sufferer was shortly transported to camp. By the end of the week he was again in the saddle. How men escape from this common accident with injuries so slight has always puzzled me. The horse rolls completely over his rider, and yet it seems to be the rarest thing in the world for the latter to be either killed or permanently injured.

WHEN SMALLPOX WAS COMMON.

A Century or So Ago Every One Expected to Have Disease.

"All our ancestors," said a physician, "were pock-marked, and smallpox was a recommendation if you were looking for work."

"What I mean is that you couldn't get a job if you had not had smallpox. No one wanted a servant who was liable at any moment to be stricken down with the loathsome disease. Hence—"

He opened a newspaper volume of 1774. "Hence 'help wanted' ads read like this: "Wanted, a man between 20 and 30 years of age, to be footman and under-butler in a great family. He must have had smallpox in the natural way. Also a woman, middle-aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fortune and fashion. The woman must have had the smallpox in the natural way."

Birds Shot with Water.

Shooting a hummingbird with the smallest birdshot made is out of the question, for the tiniest seeds of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a blowgun, or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a slumber and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Hummingbirds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee. The quickest eye cannot follow them in full flight. It is only when, though still flying furiously, they are practically motionless over flowers that the best marksmen can bring them to earth.

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Whenever you have a cough or cold, just remember that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure it. Do not risk your health by taking any but the genuine. It is in a yellow package.—Quinlan's Pharmacy.

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How Enola Got Its Name.

Enola, the famous Pennsylvania railroad yard on the west branch of the Susquehanna, got its name in a strange way.

A telegraph operator who spent the lonely hours in the little watch box, with no more than half a dozen trains a day to disturb him or break the monotony, before the big yard was built, called up the Baltimore office and asked to be relieved from such a lonesome place. In sending the message he signed "operator in charge of the tower all alone." There was some trouble on the wire and the last word could not be understood. He was asked to repeat and then to spell it backward. This he did, first "alone," then "Enola." In this way the town, which was built to order in a little more than two years, got its name.

The Dread Waterspout.

What it means to encounter a waterspout in the South seas is described by Beatrice Grimshaw: "First of all, a black trunk, like an elephant's, began to feel blindly about in midair, hanging from a cloud. It came nearer and nearer with uncanny speed, drawing up to itself as it came a colossal cone of turbulent sea, until the two joined together in an enormous black pillar some quarter of a mile broad at the base and probably a good thousand feet high, uniting as it did the clouds and the sea below. Across the darkening sea, against the threatening copper-crimson sunset came this gigantic horror, wallowing over troughs of torn-up water in a veritable dance of death, trying to find and shatter our fragile little ship."

Deadly Insult.

A New York youngster was caught literally wiping up the street with another boy with whom he was supposed to be on especially friendly terms. The detector of his pugilistic encounter was his mother, who, after she had yanked him into the house, proceeded to deliver a lecture on the sin of fighting. The boy listened for a while in silence. "That's all right," he broke out at last in uncontrollable indignation. "It's all right for you to talk, but if you just knew what he said about you—" The pause was significant. The mother took alarm. "About me?" she said. "Why, what on earth did he say about me?" "He said," blubbered the small boy in impotent wrath, "that you—wear—petticoats."

Daniel Up to Date.

Jimmy, aged five, was told the story of Daniel in the lions' den, by his grandmother. When she had finished the story she asked Jimmy what he thought Daniel did the very first thing when he found he was saved from the lions. "Oh, I guess he telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right," answered Jimmy.

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We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults.—Quinlan's Pharmacy.

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